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✓ Beckley John T. 1



# BURLINGTON TRAVESTY CLUB.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JULIUS CÆSAR, "Jewel-less Kaisar,"	. .	MR. J. J. FLEMING.
MARC ANTONY,	} Medical Students of Roma University	MR. W. W. DODGE.
LEPIDUS,		MR. L. C. WALBRIDGE.
LUCILIUS,		MR. B. H. POLLOCK.
MESSELA,		MR. G. B. SALTER.
DARDANIUS,		MR. O. W. SMITH.
CATO,		MR. S. B. HARRINGTON.
TITINIUS,		MR. J. S. TAYLOR.
VOLUMNIUS,	} Conspirators and Villians.	MR. C. I. MILLARD.
CASSIUS,		MR. C. J. DODGE.
BRUTUS,		MR. R. M. EWING.
CINNA, a Soothsayer,	. . . . .	MR. J. T. WHEELER,
TREBONIUS,	} Chorus of Aesthetic Rabble	MR. W. A. WATSON.
LIGARIUS,		MR. W. B. EATON.
CASCA,		MR. E. MARSHALL.
METELLUS,		MR. W. G. M. JOHNSON.
VARRO,		MR. E. H. BROWN.
CLITUS,		MR. W. C. ROWLEY.
STRATO,		MR. W. F. MCFARLAND.
LUCIUS,		MR. W. A. HEIZER.
OPHELIA, the Lost Jewel,	. . . . .	MR. G. H. TOUSEY.
BETTINA,	} Witches Borrowed from Macbeth.	MR. ED. HARBACH.
MARIE,		MR. A. W. PIERSON.
EVANGELINE,		MR. E. C. GNAHN.

## TRAVESTY CLUB ORCHESTRA.

MR. JNO. C. MINTON, Musical Director and Pianist.

MR. FRED HEIZER, 1st Violin.

MR. F. N. FIELD, 2d Violin.

MR. CHAS. WYMAN, Flute.

MR. A. A. SMITH, Cornet.

MR. GEO. BOTT, Bass.



"A TRAVESTY WITH A SINGLE PUN."

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# Jewel-less Kaisar.

(CONTINENTAL FOR JULIUS CÆSAR.)

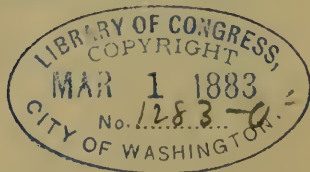
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AN ALLEGED TRAVESTY

34

IN FOUR ACTS.

By JOHN T. WHEELER.



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BURLINGTON, IOWA,  
JOHN T. WHEELER, PUBLISHER.  
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## ARGUMENT.

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The story of the travesty runs thusly: OPHELIA, the charming though indiscreet daughter of Cæsar, pronounced "Kaisar" by the continentals, (possibly because they didn't care a continental how it was pronounced,) when but a child, was feloniously stolen by the witches of Macbeth—incited by CASSIUS—and given to POLONIUS, of Hamlet fame to raise,—probably because he had a good hand,—in the abduction. After his decease, on account of HAMLET's rat poison, the witches again hold her a prisoner, at a grotto, in Elsinore. All other reports to the contrary, notwithstanding. Her father, grief-stricken, searches far and wide for his lost jewel; and was considered to have worthily earned the title, "Jewelless Kaisar." The fact that he was police judge in Rome at the time, made the case more notorious. After three years of thorough and laborious search the judge bethought himself to offer, as a reward for her apprehension and safe return,—herself. This procrastination on his part was lamentable; as the girl was aging all the time and was consequently depreciating in value as a prize, and—but we digress. The villian, CASSIUS, who once had a quarrel, at a ward-primary, with the aforesaid judge, and lived only in the thought to do him deadly injury; having already enslaved the person, since he could not the effections, of OPHELIA; heads a conspiracy, that finally culminates in the overthrow and apparent death of CÆSAR. MARC ANTONY, a lover of the Judge's daughter, having overheard the dark plot of CASSIUS, and finding the whereabouts of his inamorata, makes a successful attempt to rescue her; returns home to find his prospective father-in-law in the last throes of death; a frightful illustration of the evil effects of an overdose of pork. Having resuscitated him, only to find his mind shattered, ANTONY directs his attention to the affairs of Rome. CASSIUS and BRUTUS, having organized the 20,000 (count 'em) RABBLE into an army, decide to proceed to Philippi, in order to be historically correct; and endeavor to conquer the allies of Rome under ANTONY, who were supposed to be terrible slayers, as they belonged to the Medical profession. CINNA and the THREE WITCHES, however, opportunely appear on the scene, and as a ballet, of course, easily conquer the rabble. CÆSAR or KAISAR, as you like it, having regained his mind, condemns the ring-leaders to death; but afterward listens to the voice of his child, and pardons them. The witches, having found their nomadic life distasteful, change it by diving into the sea of matrimony. ANTONY espouses OPHELIA. Sorrow turns to joy.

It may be claimed by some that this argument does not explain the play. If it does not, let us hope the play may explain the argument.



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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JULIUS CÆSAR. . . . . Jewel-less Kaisar.

MARC ANTONY, LEPIDUS, LUCILIUS, MESSELA, DARDANIUS, CATO, TITINIUS, VOLUMNIUS,	}	. . . . Medical Students of Roma University.
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CASSIUS, BRUTUS,	}	. . . . . Conspirators and Villians.
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CINNA, . . . . . A Soothsayer.

TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, CASCA, METELLUS, VARRO, CLITUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,	}	. . . . . Chorus of Aesthetic Rabble.
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OPHELIA, . . . . . Daughter to Cæsar. The Lost Jewel.

BETTINA, MARIE, EVANGELINE,	}	. . . . . Witches.
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ACT. I.—Street Scene, Forum, Rome.

ACT. II.—Grotto at Elsinore.

ACT. III.—Scene 1.—Interior of Court Room,

ACT. III.—Scene 2.—Interior of Medical Room.

ACT. IV.—On the Field of Battle, near Philippi



# Jewel-less Kaisar.

(CONTINENTAL FOR JULIUS CÆSAR.)

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Street Scene, Forum, Rome. Medical Students discovered on Stage, disputing.*

MARK ANTONY and LEPIDUS lead them.

LUC. Cæsar, I say.

LEP. 'Twere better Kaisar.

LUC. Nay, nay I say, Cæsar is the way in sooth, have we not heard it spoken thus by Booth?

ALL. Aye! aye!

LEP. And yet the classic world gives you the lie sir, the pure continental for it is Kaisar.

ALL. Oh! Fiel

SOLO.—LEPIDUS. AIR—"All on account of Eliza."

The Travesty we're about to sing

Is all on account of Kaisar,

The way that you'll be taken in

Is all on account of Kaisar;

Though some still call him Cæsar too—

We trust it will be none of you,

For this we know and know it's true,

It's all on account of Kaisar.

ALL. All on account, all on account,

All on account of Kaisar.

For this we know and know it's true,

It's all on account of Kaisar.

LEP. J. Kaisar was the name he had,  
All on account of Kaisar;  
When small he was, a Roman lad,  
All on account of Kaisar;  
Though corn he held he was no hog—  
Nor yet the one who wanted a dog,  
But let this fact in your memory jog,  
It's all on account of Kaisar.

ALL. All on account, all on account, etc.

LUC. (*Aside.*) All right, have it as you please sir, yet to me it always will be Cæsar. (*Noise without.*)

ANT. Ah ha, what's this, that in it's coming, makes such unseemly babble?

LEP. Methinks it is that ignorant æsthetic rabble.

MESS. Then must we off, for with such micks we must not mix, lest it harm us in our politics.

LEP. Let's to our surgical home repair, and anatomize all cases there.

MESS. But ere we go, let each throw up his dicer and hurrah for Police Judge Kaisar!

(*Exeunt Students hurrahing, leaving MARC ANTONY and LEPIDUS on stage.*)

ANT. Thou goest not?

LEP. Nay, 'twas but a ruse, my thoughts too heavy are for such light minds; I would a word with thee.

ANT. Go on; I await your word.

LEP. Methinks thou ponderest overmuch of late years, good Antony.

ANT. (*Aside.*) (My spirit wars within itself, can I trust him with this?) Lepidus, canst thou a secret keep?

LEP. Aye, thine and mine.

ANT. Judge Kaisar, the king, so called (and rightly too, think I,) mourneth his lost daughter, Ophelia. One dark and stormy night, when nature in her wildest moods did move; when thunder crashed and vivid lightning flashed, lost he her, while returning from Lupercal feast.

LEP. Alas!

ANT. 'Twas three long years ago and yet, 'twas as though the hungry earth had gaped and swallowed her from mortal sight; for nothing was there heard nor seen of her till now.

LEP. Left she no trace?

ANT. Nay, yet 'twas said the Macbeth witches did then appear in Rome, and some do shake their heads and say 'twere they.

LEP. A sad story truly, but to you—

ANT. (*Interrupting.*) To me it is everything. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand fathers could not with all their quantity of love make up my sum. In losing her, great Kaisar lost a child; I lost my life, my soul; but find her I will, though the sun stands still and all on earth do oppose my will.

LEP. And I, thy friend and partner, will assist.

ANT. Your hand. (*Shake.*)

LEP. Aye, it is a good hand.

ANT. Let us pass to other scenes and faces, I'll seek my love in devious walks and places. (*ANT. and LEP. exeunt.*)

(*Enter TREBONIUS and Rabble with lutes, mandolins, etc., in slow walk, playing as they sing.*)

CHORUS. — AIR—“*Twenty love sick maidens.*”—*Patience.*

Twenty thousand rabble we—  
Rabble much against our will;  
Yet this rabble must we be  
Till we finish our play bill.

Real star parts we wanted all,  
To immortalize our name;  
But were crushed before the call,  
And remain unknown to fame.

And yet humble though we are  
We will notice get, my boys—  
For what e'er we lack in lines,  
We will make it up in noise; Ha! hi-ki-ya.

TRE. Let us stand here awhile, in unique rows, and assume the true æsthetic pose.

(*Rabble pose in intense positions at back of stage. Enter CINNA with proclamations.*)

SOLO.—CINNA.—AIR—*From Evangeline.*

My name is Cinna, I come between-a  
The rabble and the king;  
In magic dealing, black art revealing,  
Or some such sort of a thing.

ALL. Or some such sort of a thing.

CIN. Each potent spell I know quite well,  
         And every herb that groweth;  
 In witches charm, fortelling harm,  
         My heart with rapture gloweth.

ALL. His heart with rapture gloweth.

CIN. And yet I've seen one, this maid a keen one,  
         Comes creeping in my waiting heart;  
 This pleasant feeling, all through me stealing;  
         Oh Love! I know now what thou art!

ALL. Oh Love! he knows now what thou art!

CIN. (*Soliloquy.*) • For three long blissful years, this Luperca, have I lived on that one smile. And to exist, so long on one smile showeth consistency, and consistency is a jewel. And yet, she is also one. Strange! She gave to me this flower! 'Twas for remembrance, she said. I know not. I am unversed in the language of flowers. They tell she is a witch. Mayhap. For truly hath she bewitched me and may she more, say I. Such witchcraft shall be with patience borne. (*Kneels.*) Oh ye gods and little goddesses! assist, I pray, to find me, that darling girl I left behind me.

ALL. Oh! Oh! Oh!

CIN. Beg pardon, gentlemen, growl not like bears, I simply paused awhile to say my prayers. Saw you my master, good Antonio?

TRE. Nay, we saw not master, good, of thine, whom bad men fear; only the tail of his toga flyin', as we did enter here.

CIN. Then must I off,—but ere I go I have some news to tell.

TRE. Well, tell it quickly.

CIN. Old Kais., the king, comes here to dwell.

TRE. That news is sickly.

CIN. But wait, this last may meet your approbation.

ALL. Heed! heed!

CIN. He sends this timely proclamation.

ALL. Read! read!

CIN. You'll notice it's put up in most elegant shape, with a liberal sprinkling of red tape—

ALL. Oh! Oh! Oh!

CIN. Brave Romans all, lend me your ears; (*All turn.*) Good gracious, what whoppers! The king, from all his hoarded wealth, hands out to you these coppers: (*Reads.*) *Arma virumqui cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris—*



TRE. Stop! stop! that latin talk won't do for modern chorus. And the metre also suits us ill; this is Cæsar, not Virgil.

CIN. True, true, but still it might have been, I'll change the language, and go it again. (*Reads.*) To all of whom these presents come—Greeting; I, Kaisar, Rex, and Royal King, with Crown, and Mace and Signet Ring, have now concluded to do this thing—by jing; to he who will my daughter bring, his praises will the nation sing, and joyful be the meeting; To he who finds my lovely daughter, whether on high land or water; brings her safely to my side, shall have her for his charming bride. Then let all search the country o'er, in every nook and cranny; all through the forest, glade and dell, and over mountains many. Be he of high or low degree who finds my sweet offspring,—it will be all the same to me, I'll do the dead right thing. Yours respectfully, J. Kaisar, King.

TRE. In other words, says “Finder, keeper;” Humph! that's fairly good; he couldn't get her cheaper.

CIN. Now I consider this generous work and I've money to back it, so in order that all may read, right up here I'll tack it. (*Tacks proclamation to lamp post.*) Farewell, kind friends, for all over the nation, must I post this proclamation, consequently I have no time to waste, in other words, I go, post-haste.

(*Exit CINNA running.*)

TRE. “Be he of high or low degree.” That may mean me, or some of ye.

(*Enter CASSIUS and BRUTUS singing.*)

DUET.—BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.—AIR—*From Electrical Doll.*

In politics, there's lots of tricks;  
We have him now in quite a fix;  
We hold him strong within our grasp,  
To do as we may choose. (*Repeat with dance.*)

BRU. Hence! home ye idle creatures, get ye home, is this an holiday?

TRE. Yea, to the true æsthete all days are hollow days in dull, sleepy Rome. Nothing is beautiful, naught is sweetly unique. You all live in the prosaic valley of commonness, while we, alas, like wounded birds do beat our wings against the steel bars of stern reality, when we would soar far above ye all.

ALL. (*Bowing their heads.*) Alas!

CAS. What! Know ye not, that being mechanical, ye should not walk upon a laboring day without the sign of your profession? Speak! what trade have you?

TRE. No trade have we in such a place as Rome. Divine sun-flowers are unappreciated in the market place and holy lilies may be gotten for a song.

ALL. (*As before.*) Alas!

BRU. I understand you not. But tell me how you do appear to-day upon the streets in such queer regalia and remain unmolested by the police? Speak!

TRE. We sir, do make merry day for Kaisar. Sort of a political picnic, as it were.

CAS. You blocks! you stones! you worse than senseless things! Oh you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, know ye not that Kaisar said in his last speech: "Oscar Wilde be blowed?"

ALL. (*As before.*) Alas!

CAS. Begone! Run to your homes, fall on your knees, pray to the gods to intermit the plague that needs must light on such base ignorance.

BRU. Go! Go, good contrymen, and for this fault assemble all the æsthetes of your sort, draw them to the Mississippi's banks and weep your tears into the channel, till the lowest stream do kiss the most exalted shores of all—

(*Exeunt Rabble, singing.*—"Twenty thousand, etc.")

BRU. (*Aside.*) (And we have no more sand bars.) See where their basest metal be not moved, they vanish tongued in their guiltiness. I fear me Kaisar hath strong hold on their affections.

CAS. Aye, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so.

(*MARC ANTONY and LEPIDUS appear at back, listening.*)

BRU. I would not Cassius; yet I love him well. But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it you would impart to me? If it be aught toward the general good of the party, set money in the one hand and office in the other, and I will look on both indifferently.

CAS. 'Tis well. Then speed I to my purpose. Would'st know where ignoble Kaisar's child, Ophelia, remains these three long years?

BRU. Yea, in her grave she lies; and you do in your words, if you differently say.

CAS. Nay, I lie not at all, and least of all in this. She is not dead, though better for Kaisar that she were. Thou know'st I bear much ill-will against the self-called king. He did me greivous injury in a way of which thou art not ignorant. Standing on the corpse of my political hopes, I swore eternal enmity to him and his'n. Whisper, I hold Ophelia in my power.

ANT. (*Aside.*) Horrors! Can my ears be true to me?

LEP. Silence, good Antony.

CAS. Guarded by witches three, in a grotto at Elsinore, hold I her, till she shall do my bidding. Rare obstinate she is, but she at last must yield. Ah, what's this? (*Looks at proclamation, and with BRUTUS reads it.*)

ANT. Heard'st thou what he said?

LEP. Aye, each separate word is burned as with a seething iron on my mind.

BRU. 'Tis a strange, yet generous offer.

CAS. Humph! Patience is a great possession. By it I am enabled to reach, as with one step, my most complete revenge. She shall now be my wife.

BRU. Your wife! How about Evangeline?

CAS. (*Starting,*) (Evangeline!) Think not of her. Listen grand Brutus: Kaisar must die. Do not start. But assist me in this bold undertaking and I will gild your brow with highest power political.

BRU. (*Soliloquy.*) To do this thing it likes me not, I fear me I may rue it. But his ambition must be crushed. By Jupiter, I'll do it. (*Grasps hand of CASSIUS.*) But let us think some way quite handy, and study well the *modus operandi*.

(*Exit BRUTUS.*)

CAS. She shall be mine in the fall.

(*Taking proclamation, Exit CASSIUS.*)

ANT. (*With spirit.*) They stood there, Lepidus, there upon the streets of Rome and plotted, forsooth, against a giant, of whom their pigmy selves should stand in awe. There, those lurking mice did place themselves and scheme to kill a lion. If no thunderbolt did strike and crush them, believe me, heaven cared not to waste her ammunition. All ye heathen gods do help, now, I implore, or Kaisar and Ophelia will be in life no more!



LEP. You're too general, Antony, you can't blame 'em if they do not help ; you ought to name 'em.

ANT. I'll call on but one. Great Mars ! Thou battle god ! Hurl me thy sword, thy helmet, armour, and blood-red shield !

(*Articles drop from above: Thunder, lightning, etc.*)

ANT. Good gracious he quickly heard my word. (*Trembling.*) I'm so flustered ; I'm nearly *ausgespielt*.

LEP. (*Taking up armour.*) "Take what the gods give thee," is sage advice, climb in, you'll be ready in a trice.

ANT. (*Putting on armour.*) Ah yes, the fit is very nice.

LEP. If aught can give success, these arms will bring it.

ANT. That's very true, suppose we sing it.

SOLO.—ANTONY.—AIR—" *There's a letter in the candle.* "

There's a maiden in a grotto,  
Impris'ned close by witches three ;  
To deliver'll be my motto,  
I'll set Ophelia free.  
My heart grows light and lighter  
As to the task I go,  
I'm destined to be a fighter,  
For the fates fortell it so !

(*Chorus of gods above.*)

Brave warrior bold, we the gods declare ;  
To insure you vict'ry, we will all be there.  
Brave warrior bold, we the gods declare ;  
To insure you vict'ry, we will all be there.

LEP. Away, away, away.

ANT. Away, away, away.

ALL. Away !

(*Curtain.*)

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Grotto at Elsinore. Night. OPHELIA at background in cage. Cauldron over fire. Ogres. Three witches, with bags of gold, singing:*

TRIO.—WITCHES.—AIR—" *Elsie Dear.* "

Oh ! we guard her in the grotto,—Elsinore ;  
Here within the forest shade, so dark and grey ;  
From our keeping will she wander nevermore,  
Till she, her lord and master, will obey.

BET. Three long years have we held her in our power ;  
Yet her disposition does not seem to sour.

TRIO. Oh ! we guard her in the grotto, etc.

For our labor we are recompensed with gold  
From the coffers of a rich and glorious man ;  
On such bounty will we hold her till we're old,  
And as many other maidens as we can.

BET. You see we stay at Elsinore for riches,  
'Tis the orthodox habit of witches.

TRIO. Oh ! we guard her in the grotto, etc. (*Repeat.*)

BET. When shall we three meet again ?

MAR. In thunder, lightning or in rain.

EVAN. When this travesty is sung ;

MAR. When Ophelia's lost and won ;

EVAN. That shall never be I vum !

BET. Pshaw, I see you're on mischief bent ; that sounds like Watson's advertisement. Get you to your cauldron, stir it 'round and 'round, while I recline here upon the ground. My tired nature seeks sweet repose, (*Lies down.*)

MAR. (*Aside.*) And discourseth music through its nose.

BET. Double, double toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble. (*Sleeps.*)

OPH. (*Soliloquy.*) I the lost jewel am, and yet, not Juliet, but rather Ophelia. 'Tis said in Hamlet that the jewel inside this jewel is also lost. Ah me, 'tis false! Thanks to the gods! For though decked out poorly, clear sanity clothes me in its folds complete, and bright reason holds here it's firmest seat.

BET. (*Starting.*) What say you?

MAR. I spoke not. 'Twas the owl.

BET. Oh, owl right. (*Sleeps.*)

OPH. Though caught so tightly in this strong seine, insane I am not. My father! Great as your boundless love is for me, so great is my despair. Liberty, sweet liberty! in any shape would I welcome thee; be thy form ever so fearful or manner dubious. Nay, all have forgotten me; even Antonio's son, whom they call brave and valient. Yet he once did whisper of love to me and I, foolish one, did listen. That I do love him, (more's the pity,) I will explain in appropriate ditty:

SOLO.—OPHELIA.—AIR—"Oh, Such a Virtuous Gardener,  
am I."—*Billee Taylor.*

Marc Antony is a soldier bold,  
You'll know him by his visor.  
Something has whispered in my heart:  
He'll save Ophelia Kaisar.  
For three long years this girl has lived,  
With no one to advise her;  
But when he comes, she'll rescued be;  
He loves, he loves Ophelia Kaisar.

With his helmet, and his armour, his blood-red shield;  
His enemies, they tremble, whene'er he takes the field.  
His valiant deeds are echoed over land and over sea;  
Oh! Such a brave warrior is he! such a brave warrior is  
Marc Antony!

If one were worthy of his love,  
Right loyally he'd prize her;  
Pray heaven that the fortunate one  
May be Ophelia Kaisar.  
And he who'd thwart him in his love  
Must be an early riser;  
Brave, valient, thrice-heroic Marc  
Must wed, must wed Ophelia Kaisar.

With his helmet, and his armour, (Etc.)

(*Enter CINNA. Falls over BETTINA.*)

CIN. Another confounded log. The woods are full of them. I am lost. Aimless I roam; I would I were at home in Rome.

BET. I would you were too, and so would also my feet; to be all trampled over is not refreshingly sweet.

CIN. That voice! Those features! The witch Bettina!

BET. Yes! Yes! And thou, I think, art Cinna.

CIN. I will not deny it.

DUET.—CINNA and BETTINA.—AIR—“*Gobble Song*,” *Mascot*.

CIN. Although I am not very chunky,  
I rest, sometimes, upon my donkey;

BET. And I will own to more than that:  
I love right well a little cat;

CIN. And when I hear it bray alone  
It makes my heart quite melancholy.

BET. And when kittie attacks a bone  
It makes me laugh and feel quite jolly.

CIN. I, thou more than donkey, love;

BET. And thou, much more than cat, I love;

CIN. When he sadly brays: Waugh-he! waugh-he!

BET. When she mews her miaue! (Etc.)

CIN. The tender tones from out his throat,  
Do oftimes move me much to pity;

BET. And when it frolics with the goat,  
I like to watch my little kittie.

CIN. The soulful murmurs of it's voice,  
Thrill me with sweetest agitation;

BET. And when it purs, I do rejoice,  
And love without exaggeration.

CIN. I, thou more than donkey, love; (Etc.)

CIN. So thou art she who gavest me this flower so long ago. And you are really a witch? I think you told me so?

BET. Yes, I am a witch; and being so, thou knowest *which* I am, you are the *who*, pray may I ask, matrimonially, the *when*?

CIN. (*Aside.* Great heavens! I smell a breach-of-promise suit.) Nay, fair creature, press not me, though I would thee. Until my master has Ophelia found I do not dare to woo.

BET. Oh! If that's refusal's only ground, I may impart a clew. (*Retire to back of stage, conversing.*)

(*Enter* MARC ANTONY.)

ANT. No sail! No sail from day to day! But stop,—although alone in this forest garden, I'm not rehearsing Enoch Arden. I must be near the place; It looks like Elsinore; I'll boldly muster courage up and quick this cave explore.

OPH. Mark Antony, speak, what seek you, so far from Roman streets? Answer low, they'll hear you; 'tis Ophelia that intreats.

ANT. (*Aside.*) (The words and voice do both proclaim the fact that it is truly she.) I came, imprisoned maiden fair, to rescue thee.

SOLO AND CHORUS.—AIR—"Virginny Johnson."

ANT. Oh, say my love, will you come along with me,  
Hey Ophelia, ha Ophelia, ho Ophelia Kaisar?  
Sweeter by far than a huckleberry tree,  
Hey Ophelia, ha Ophelia Kaisar.  
I wake up in the morning and see the sun shine,  
I think in its light I see those eyes of thine;  
It makes me laugh, I'm merry all the time,  
To think of the happy time when you'll be mine.

ALL. Oh, say my love, (Etc.)

OPH. Oh yes, my love, I'll go along with thee,  
Hey Marcus, ha Marcus, ho Marcus Antony;  
Stronger thy love than a sycamore tree,  
Hey Marcus, ho Marcus Antony.  
When stars, at night, in the heavens would appear,  
I felt, some way, that you were always near,  
And in my heart, I never knew a fear,  
Through the long years I've been imprisoned here.

ALL. Oh yes, my love, (Etc.)

BET. Oh no, good sir, she'll not along with thee,  
Nay Marcus, na Marcus, no Marcus Antony,  
We'll be as stubborn as an osage orange tree,  
Nay Marcus, no Marcus Antony!  
You think you're great, as brave as brave can be,  
You'll find your match in us, the witches three,  
And from our wrath you'd better quickly flee,  
For the best you can do is to give up this idee.

ALL. Oh! no, good sir, she'll not along, (Etc.)



BET. No, she can't go. 'Tis very romantic I know, to be rescued, but it ain't business.

ANT. Oh, 'tis money you want. (*Aside.*) (I'm not very rich, but I may scratch enough to bribe a witch.) How does fifty-seven cents strike you?

BET. How much?

MAR. I have a discovery made, not on that my fancy tickles. The gold, forsooth, that Cassius gave is only street car nickles!

ALL. What?

MAR. 'Tis very true, look here, 'tis money queer, and even then 'tis rusted.

BET. That's terrible,—

ALL. Unbearable!

BET. I'm thoroughly disgusted.

ANT. Then ladies, listen to the tuneful melodiousness of my voice; I will unfold a scheme; 'twill make your heart rejoice. (*Coughs.*)

CIN. And now I think you'll hear him go it; as soon as soon as he clears his obstreperous throat.

SOLO.—MARC ANTONY.—AIR—“*Maloney's the Man.*”

Judge Kaiser's the man, you should understand,

There's none other richer, nor wiser;

He has large bags of gold and wealth that's untold,

But still he's in nothing a miser.

ALL. (*With swinging dance.*) Judge Kaiser's, (Etc.)

ANT. You return him his child; with pleasure gone wild,

He'll meet you with words sweet as honey,

And as you go 'way, you'll cheerfully say:

He's showered us completely with money.

WITCHES. Agreed, agreed, 'tis money we need,

You seem to be sort of relation;

Now you shall see Ophelia set free,

As we utter our queer incantation:

(*Spoken in concert.*)

WIT. Mystic powers that close enshroud us; come come, come. Return ye now the gift allowed us,—

CIN. Fe, fie, fo, fum.

WIT. Break the bars that here encircle, (*Door of cage opens.*) Burst the chains in which she's bound; (*Chains fall off Ophelia.*) We celebrate a new Lupercal; the potent charm's unwound.

OPH. (*Coming out of cage, to Witches.*) I may go you say? It seems too good to be true. (*To Antony.*) In this I'm supremely glad. I owe it all to you.

CIN. Oh, don't mention it, I beg of you.

ANT. 'Twas a quick pleasure I gave, for it's returned again to me. But lets away—

(*Enter CASSIUS.*)

CAS. Hold, hold, I've something to say.

ALL. What you?

SOLO.—CASSIUS.—AIR—“*Lover's Breast.*”

Although unwillin', I am the villain,  
You see the play requires one;  
I cannot let you go, because I love so,  
Indeed you must be mine.

I suppose you come, sir; only for fun, sir;  
But really I protest;  
I am her only beau, they will tell you so,  
Your presence I detest.

CAS. Yes, you see, I've had her *encaged* for three years. But joking aside, sir, she must be my bride, sir.

ANT. Bride me no bride, stand aside, or over your frame will I glide! (*Drawing sword.*)

CAS. Fain would I beware lest he stick me so, for over the Styx must I then go.

CIN. My courageous heart beats fast and faster, there'll be a fight as sure's my name is Cinna, I ought, I know, to back my master,—but I think I'll back Bettina. (*Gets behind her.*)

BET. Lay on MacSnuff, and let him quit, who gets enough!

SOLO AND CHORUS.—AIR—*Lorenzo's song, Mascot. Clashing time with swords.*

CAS. In fair fight we list, why came you? why came you?  
But still as you insist I will lame you.  
(*Thrusts ANT. in right shoulder.*)

ANT. (*Changing sword to left hand.*)  
To rescue her, I came, you villain, you villian;  
You but wish to lame, while I'm here for killin'.



(CASSIUS falls dying. Music beating slow stepping time, CINNA goes to him, and returning front, sings. EVANGELINE goes immediately after him to CASSIUS and bathes his wounds from bottle bearing label “—— ———.”)

CIN. Cassius is surely dying,

ALL. Surely dying ;

CIN. We'll quickly speed to Rome, speed to Rome ;

Ophelia must be flying, must be flying,

She should be safe at home, safe at home.

These woods are very damp-y, very damp-y,

Country life's a bore, life's a bore ;

Then let us quick decamp-y, quick decamp-y,

Good-bye, fair Elsinore, fair Elsinore.

With protecting arms around entwined,

Clasping each fair maiden to his heart ;

Hoping that we all may be destined

Nevermore to part.

(ANTONY embraces OPHELIA. CINNA--BETTINA. *Witches each an ogre.* CASSIUS sitting up, smiles.)

(Curtain.)



### ACT III.—Scene 1.

SCENE.—*Court scene of Judge Kaisar. Grand Travesty March of Medical Students and Rabble, closing with song.*

AIR—"Minton's Materia Medica March."

From Roma's learned halls we come,  
A class of medics gay ;  
Although we keep her secrets mum,  
We can with safety say :  
Whenever Kaisar holds his court  
We get an holiday,  
And girding on our armor bright,  
We gladly march away,  
Then right foot forward, left come and report,  
Our crowd select, with heads erect,  
Before you now disport.  
Then right foot forward, left come and report,  
We always turn out in full force,  
When Kaisar holds his court. (*Repeat.*)  
When Kaisar holds his court,  
When Kaisar holds his court.

(*At close of march arrange themselves at each side of stage.*)

(*Enter KAISAR, CINNA and TREBONIUS, as they enter.*)

CIN. Beware ! Beware ! the Ides of March ! Dire days  
around you glide !

KAI. My make-up stiff contains much starch, you march  
off and 'ide ; I, quickly to my bench alone. I would it were  
my throne. (*Seats himself on bench.*)

SOLO.—KAISER.—AIR—"Judge's Song," *Trial by Fury.*

In me, good friends, you now see a judge,  
In appearance quite contented ;  
But a pleasant face may conceal a heart  
Of justice unrelented.

I've an ambition strong, of a vigorous type—  
While attention to the law I'm feigning,—  
A police-judge, you see, any one can be ;  
Yet, as a king, I want to be reigning.

ALL. A police-judge, you see, any one can be ;  
Yet, as a king, he wants to be reigning.

KAI. With my well-known exploits, in peace and war,  
My country should now be acquainted ;  
By changing 'judge' to 'king' you give the right ring,  
And place me canonically sainted.  
'Tis the title I want, not the kingdom itself ;  
To be called by the name is the main thing ;  
A police-judge, you see, any one can be ;  
Yet, as a king, I want to be reigning.

ALL. A police-judge, etc.

KAI. For now I'm a king !

ALL. And a good king, too !

KAI. Yes, now I'm a king !

ALL. And a good king, too !

KAI. Tho' it no peace will bring ;  
Yet, I'll ever, ever sing,  
And I'll live and die a king !

ALL. And a good king, too !

(*Enter CASSIUS and BRUTUS, with petitions.*)

TRE. (*Amazed, to CASSIUS.*) You here ! Why Antony  
said you were dead than a hammer !

CAS. I was killed but came to life again ; 'Tis common  
in late melodrama.

KAI. (*Rapping.*) Order ! Order ! in the court ; I'll be  
my own crier, to show I'm not afraid, you (*to guards*) may  
retire. (*Medical students bowing exeunt.*) And now that the  
entire room is clear, and guards don't line its border, your  
petitions, gentlemen, will I hear, if they benefit the order.

BRU. I have the honor to present a petition from many  
people, that there be built on Sixth street bridge a steeple.

ALL. (*In refrain.*) Grant us this to-day,  
Judge Kaisar, we pray.

KAI. Oh fudge ! Oh fudge ! Why call me judge ? A  
word of truer ring is the royal title king.

ALL. King ?

KAI. King.

CAS. Oh, please, in acquiescence bow, to the ordinance  
of the festive cow.

ALL. Grant us this to-day,  
King Kaisar, we pray.

KAI. Nay, Nay, Nay.

TRE. The Boat Club not to be behind in this matter,  
ask you to furnish medals for the next regatta.

ALL. Grant us this, (Etc.)

KAI. Nay, Nay, Nay.

BRU. This last no doubt your modesty shocks—beware!  
We each do crave a stock-holder's box—take care!

ALL. Grant us this, (Etc.)

KAI. Nay, Nay, Nay.

DUET.—BRUTUS and CASSIUS.—AIR—“*Look at that,*” etc.,  
*Chimes of Normandy.*

We can't stand that, we can't stand this,

He, all we ask, declares amiss,

He is unjust the people cry;

(*Showing huge sausages.*)

We are prepared, Kaisar must die. (*Repeat.*)

(CINNA *eats his sausage. All crowd around Kaisar presenting petitions.*)

ALL. Grant this, grant this.

CAS. Whilst thou would'st reign, the nation's in a fog;  
Since thou so swinish art, here's more hog. (*Stabs him.*)

BRU. Far better sauce we hoped from age. I'm tired of  
this clatter. I now present this sausage, I think 'twill end  
the matter. (*Stabs.*)

KAI. *Et tu, Brute?* Then die Kaisar.

CIN. Eat two! good gracious! no wonder he died!

(DUET.—BRUTUS and CASSIUS.—AIR—“*Thunder Song.*”)

The bloody deed is done, is done:

Judge Kaisar is dead, dead, dead.

We quick and quicker run, run,

We now are fled, fled, fled.

(*Enter MARC ANTONY.*)

ANT. Stand aside, I would to the King. What? Great  
Kaisar cut down in the midst of his blossom?

KAI. (*Aside.*) Poor Marc; he little thinks I'm only  
playing 'possum.

ANT. Alas! quite dead; he whom I hoped for a relation.  
Let's to the market place with him, I'll deliver my oration.

(*Rabble Picking up KAISAR, march around.*)

CHORUS.—AIR—“*Ellsworth's Dead March.*”

We, to the market place proceed,  
With sad hearts dejected;  
For the judge *est mort* indeed,  
'Twas to be expected.  
See his toga pierced with hate!  
All his wounds are crying:  
Catch the fiends, pursued by fate,  
Who, through the streets, are flying.  
We, to the market place, etc.

(*Exeunt bearing body, feet first.*)

(*Curtain.*)

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### ACT III.—Scene 2.

(*Recitation room in Roma Medical College. Physiological plates, skeletons, skulls, miscellaneous instruments, machine covered with cloth. Lepidus and medical students discovered.*)

CHORUS.—AIR—*From Olivette.*

A muscle, a muscle, a sinew and a bone,  
Or in any part of anatomy—  
You'll find us quite in tone. (*Repeat.*)

DAR. Speaking about a muscle, reminds me of what a wonderfully complex and intricate structure the human frame is in its entirety, I'll give you for instance—

CATO. A rest.

DAR. The skeleton for example. 'Tis a well known fact that there are 5873 bones in the physical anatomy, not counting the smaller ones contained in the ear.

CATO. 'Ear, 'ear.

DAR. The skeleton—

CATO. Aye. “the skeleton in the closet.” Your song, Lepidus, your song.

LEP. I am sorry. but I can't sing, but I say, the daughter of the King, she can sing, with the true artistic ring, all the songs you bring; but for me it's no easy thing.

ALL. Go ahead! Go ahead!



SOLO.—LEPIDUS.—AIR—“ *Never take the horse shoe from the door.* ”

LEP. There's a story handed down in medical history,  
Before the days of Fleming or Dr. Jones,  
That you'll find on earth in every domicile,  
A closet dark, containing human bones.  
If none you'd wish your secret ever learning,  
And hope to keep it sung forever more,  
Let each and every one take kindly warning,  
Never let the skeleton out the door.

ALL. If none you'd wish, etc.

DAR. Gentlemen, I must insist on order, as I go on with my thesis.

LEP. Yes, boys, let's give the best of attention, for if any one has dug to the very root of all learning, it is Dardanius, he's such a great borer.

ALL. Good, good, great bore, ha, ha. (*Knock without.*)

CHORUS.—AIR—“ *Whist! the Bogie man!* ”

Whist! whist! whist! There's some one knocking there,  
Go 'way and quit your fooling, we have no time to spare;  
Then whist! whist! whist! he still keeps knocking there,  
And knocking, too, the double-knock that none but med-  
ics dare. (*Repeat.*)

DAR. Who knocketh there at the college gate, demand-  
ing admittance, at hour so late?

ANT. It is I, it is I.

DAR. A trifle more specific please,—

ANT. Marc Antony.

DAR. Attention minions! Marcus Antonius stands with-  
out. Draw up the portcullis, spring the draw-bridge and  
admit the brother.

(*Enter ANTONY and RABBLE with body. RABBLE exeunt.*)

DAR. (*With knife, approaching body.*) Taking a muscle  
from the right arm which connects—

ANT. Hold! hold! I say, beware thou of infection!  
Think'st thou I brought great Kaiser here as food for your  
dissection?

ALL. Kaisar, say you?

ANT. Yea, the noble lord and master of all this fair domain, lies there, thrice buffeted and cruelly slain. Like great Atlas, stood he, in the Forum, bearing the wrongs of larger worlds of beings, than did Atlas; yet when the elements upon these worlds did war, his under-pinnings, mis-called friends, gave out and proved doubly recreant to their glorious trust.

ALL. Cruel! cruel!

ANT. And more (alas the times, that I should say it,) being friends, and trusted by him, gave to their cruel weapons a double wound.

ALL. Friends! say you?

ANT. Yea, 'tis true; cautious Cassius cast his carrion claw upon, and killed himself (politically) in killing Kaisar.

ALL. Alack! alack!

AT. And brutal Brutus broke the bonds of brotherhood in butchering this bold and brilliant being. (Sobs.)

ALL. Revenge! Revenge!

ANT. Aye, revenge is sweet, full sweet; but better far to rob dark villiany of its sting, by killing its effect. Methinks I may yet bring back to those limbs of Kaisar strength; to those cheeks a color of life;—

ALL. How now?

ANT. My great invention!

SOLO.—MARC ANTONY.—AIR — “*Dick Deadeye's Song*,”  
*Pinafore*.

Dear friends, all give to me your kind attention,  
Sing hey! The jolly patent that it is;  
While quickly will I tell of my invention,  
That from investigation has ariz'.

ALL. The jolly, jolly patent; the jolly, jolly patent,  
The best and surest patent, for this biz.

(KAISAR is placed on patent.)

ANT. The first thing that you do, you get a dead man,  
Sing hey! The ghastly business that it is!  
And then you lay him lengthwise in the long pan,  
And then you'll surely hear the patent whiz!

ALL. The jolly, jolly, patent, etc.

ANT. New life is coming, rushing through his veins again,  
Sing hey! The jolly patent that it is;  
Awakening animation takes the reins again;  
Occasioned by the patent's merry whiz.



ALL. The jolly, etc.

(KAISAR is thrown out upon the floor.)

KAI. (*Aside.*) (This new life comes only through great shaking; like medicine, it must be so before taking; and playing dead is real hard work, I'll be blind like Dunstan Kirke. What? Can't close my eyes? That's too bad; tut, tut, I see, I must go mad.) (*Simulating madness.*) A king of shreds and patches! He stole the royal diadem and put it in his pocket—Aye, Ophelia; a gayish child, ladies, my only daughter—Cassius, bah! I like not scant men!—Yes, she went a straying—Nay, nay, I say, Brutus is my honorable friend, the noblest Roman of them—The ides of March! ha! ha!—A wee child; but high thoughts do fly in children small—Nay, I will not die so, not die so!—(*Sinks into chair.*)

ANT. His acts are strange! his words are hazy! It cannot be that he is crazy! Speak, most Royal master!

KAI. La la, Adown a meadow a daizy grew; kissed by the winds that 'round it blew, la la.

ALL. Alas! alas!

DAR. Physical life, 'tis true, we brought back, as we pleased; but "who can minister to the mind diseased?"

KAI. See! see! A Crown! It beckons me! I follow! Lead on, lead on! I come. (*Exit.*)

ANT. I also follow thee, though no crown I saw, Ophelia never would forgive, if I lost my father-in-law. (*Exit.*)

DAR. A lesson take from this, a sad and mournful fact.

LEP. Pshaw! It will come out all right in the last act.

SOLO.—LEPIDUS.—AIR—"Pretty Little Maiden," *Patience*.

Though you may not think it, life is often drear;

The stoutest heart is sometimes racked,

Yet with rare good feeling, dame nature dear

Righteth all things in the last act.

Though there may be trouble, it will end in bubble,

In the last act, in the last act.

(*Enter CINNA.*)

CIN. Where's my master? Not here? That's bad. The rabble, gentlemen, are mad. Incited by Brutus and Cassius, they've determined to thrash us.

LEP. To arms! To arms! In phalanx strong, we'll do our best to right this wrong!

CIN. And the witches and I some part must play, we'll organize in an Amazon ballet.

SOLO.—CINNA.—AIR—“*Bob up Serenely.*” *Olivette.*

Now comes the time for brilliant fighting,  
To the war we'll gladly go ;  
And then, when our wrongs, we're righting,  
And then, when our wrongs, we're righting,  
Advance we boldly, advance we boldly,  
Advance we boldly to the foe. (*Repeat.*)

(*Curtain.*)



## ACT IV.

SCENE. *Battle field near Philippi.* BRUTUS, CASSIUS and RABBLE, *dressed as warriors, discovered on stage.*

BRU. Brave Romans all, I say, this is no masquerade, for danger are we sighting ; though in warrior's suiting, 'twill be no dress parade, but real hard fighting.

TRE. We all of us will try.

CAS. Try? aye more, and make no blunder ; working for liberty and home, we'll whoop-it-up to 'em like thunder, and then go on to Rome.

TRE. We'll whip 'em or die.

CHORUS.—AIR—*From Il Trovatore.*

On to the battle, on to the battle,

Never so much as a whimper or sigh ;

On to the battle, on to the battle,

Brave trusty motto : " conquer or die."

All our friends leaving, maidens are grieving,

Sorrow and fear o'ercloud their brow ;

With armour flashing, manner so dashing,

We go forth to the battle now.

On to the battle, etc.

(*Cheer in distance.*)

CAS. Hark ! the enemy ! I hear their cries ! Let's try some scheming games ; by hiding here, behind the flies we'll surprise them, *a la* Jesse James. (*Hide in flies.*)

(*Enter ANT. and MED. STU.*)

ANT. And thus great Kaisar walks, truth stranger is than fiction ; as his own ghost he stalks, so fearful his affliction,

LEP. Strange phantasies in madness lurk, his lot is hard, —but see, fresh foot-prints ! We must to work ! Be on your guard !

Cas. and BRU. (*Coming out.*) A truce ! a truce !

(*Enter KAISAR with sheet over him.*)

BRU. The deuce ! Who are you ?

KAI. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRU. Why comest thou?

KAI. I'll meet you at Philippi, ta ta. (*Exit.*)

BRU. Great Kaisar's ghost! He'll meet me at Philippi.  
Not if I see him first. Once again, a truce! a truce!

ANT. Very well, come on, although we suspect a ruse.

CAS. We suggest a compromise: you may the offices hold,  
which you have fairly won; while we'll assist, like Cræsus  
old, in the handling of the mon'.

ANT. To let an enemy assist, 'twould be quite funny;  
nay, we will manage both offices and money.

CAS. Then die! (*RAB. spring out with weapons. MED.  
STU. cowering.*)

LEP. Don't kill us, good mister Brutus.

ALL. Help! Murder! Thieves!

(*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter CINNA and WITCHES as Ama-  
zons, in ballet costume. RAB. fall back, trembling.*)

QUARTETTE.—CIN. and WIT.—AIR—"Good-bye to Chloe."

Oh, 'tis not a frequent thing, that you hear the ballet sing,  
For their time is mostly taken up in prancing;  
But strict attention pay, to the swing of this ballet,  
As deftly they begin their merry dancing.

(*Execute figures, closing with tableau.*)

(*Re-enter KAISAR.*)

KAI. I'll meet you all at Philippi.

(*Enter OPHELIA.*)

OPH. Where's papa? He's led me such a chase, I'm  
really afraid I'm scarlet in the face. Oh!

KAI. Go away! Thou'rt a toad-stool, a lizard, bah!

OPH. Oh no, I'm not. Oh, that he might once more  
his right mind and his daughter know.

ANT. Can you not think of some olden nursery rhyme,  
that will gather his wandering thoughts? Try 'im!

OPH. I'll do it; "Oh, Father, dear Father, come home  
with me now, the Clock in the Steeple strikes two." (*Bang,  
bang!*)

KAI. (*Starting, throwing off sheet.*) Ophelia! My lov-  
ing daughter!

BRU. and CAS. Great Kaisar!

ANT. He sees her.

CIN. See him seize her.

LUC. There, I always said it was Cæsar.

KAI. Sweet daughter thou hast charmed me back to sanity.

CAS. Whether thou be what thou seem'st I know not ; but if so, I claim thy daughter as my discovery. Thy proclamation (*Shows proc.*) says : " Be he of high or low degree, who finds my sweet offspring, it will be all the same to me, I'll do the dead right thing."

LEP. What great assurance !

KAI. It is just. What I've written shall be done. She must, I see, become your bride.

OPH. Oh, woe is me, his love I shun ; I would I had already died.

ANT. This is indeed tough !

SOLO.—EVANGELINE.—AIR—*From Merry War.*

Let joy remain throughout your life,

Let joy remain throughout your life ;

I will explain, I am his wife,

I will explain, I will explain,

I will explain, I am his wife !

CAS. Don't speak so shrill, why need you cry it,  
Don't speak so shrill, why need you cry it,  
If you'll keep still, I'll not deny it,  
If you'll keep still, if you'll keep still,  
If you'll keep still, I'll not deny it.

ANT. The villian is unmasked at last.

KAI. Thy crimes are many, Cassius, and you, Brutus, are not spotless. Prepare to receive your sentence.

DUET.—CASSIUS and BRUTUS.—AIR—*From Electrical Doll.*

In politics there's lot's of tricks,

He has us now in quite a fix,

He holds us strong within his grasp,

To do as he may choose. (*Repeat.*)

KAI. Let them all be led forth, and twice beheaded, that we may be doubly sure of their death.

OPH. Oh father ! Do not let death mar our wedding day. Can it be my lover has nothing to say ?

ANT. I'll do my best to quell the gathering storm. Pardon them, oh King. They may yet reform.



KAI. I will, though I feel I hadn't oughter ; gentlemen, accept your lives as a present from my daughter.

ALL. (*Kneeling.*) Thanks, most noble Princess.

CIN. (*Leading up* BETTINA.) Oh King, when you were crazy, I was not lazy, but wooed with all my life this maiden fair, with auburn hair. May I have her for my wife?

TRE. (*Leading up* MARIE.) Since thou hast given me my life, my ambition soareth higher ; I humbly ask that I may wed this handsome witch, Marier.

KAI. Let pure love reign, without alloy, I grant you both, since I am king. And now that sorrow turns to joy, a closing anthem let us sing.

SOLO—KAISAR and CHORUS.--AIR--“*Only a Pansy Blossom.*”

Ah! 'tis only a Roman story,  
Of Cæsar and his time ;  
And yet to me far truer  
Than many a hist'ry rhyme ;  
Bringing us back the March-time  
Of an age so long ago,  
When he found his lovely daughter,  
And vanquished every foe.  
Although a free translation  
Of Shakespeare's glorious theme,  
We hope 'twill find a welcome,  
And pleasant to you seem.

ALL. For, 'tis only a Roman story, etc.

THE END.







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